

Phelim's Petition.

Tune—*You know I'm your Priest, &c.*

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad, or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my song.

Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
Balinamone ora, a kifs of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose;
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn through my clothes.

Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will have,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free 'till you made him your slave.

Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll swagger and
stride

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
Your lily-white fist for me.

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